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FIRST BOOK

SPANISH SONGS of OLD CALIFORNIA

605383

Collected and translated by
CHAS. F. LUMMIS
Pianoforte accompaniments by
ARTHUR FARWELL

Price $1.50

CHAS. F. LUMMIS
200 East Ave. 43
Los Angeles, Cal.

EDWARD BOREIN

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8310

CHAS. F. LUMMIS
200 East Avenue 43
Los Angeles, Calif.

Elizabeth

June 12, 1924

E

Celebration

APPROXIMATE PRONUNCIATION OF THE SONG-NAMES

La Hamaca	La Am-ah-ca
La Barquillera	La Bar-keel-yay-ra
El Quelele	El Keh-lay-leh
La Noche 'stá Serena	La No-che 'stah Say-ray-na
El Capotin	El Ca-poh-teen
Chata Cara de Bule	Chah-ta-Cah-ra deh Boo-leh
Peña Hueca	Pain-ya Way-ca
El Zapatero	El Sa-pa-tay-roh
La Primavera	La Pree-ma-vay-ra
Mi Pepa	Mee Pay-pa
Es El Amor Mariposa	Ess El A-more Mah-ree-poh-sa
La Mágica Mujer	La Mah-hee-ca Moo-hehr
El Charro	El Char-ro
Adios, Adios Amores	Ahd-yoce, Ahd-yoce Ah-moh-ress

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CHAS. F. LUMMIS,
200 East Ave 43,
Los Angeles, Cal.

My dear Mr. Belden-

For 38 years I have been trying to save the old, old Spanish songs of the Southwest, and have collected a great number. They were never published, and in the changed social order are rapidly disappearing - the very people who taught them to me have largely forgotten them!

It is a sin and a folly to let such songs perish. We NEED them now. These heart-felt and heart-reaching folksongs will come as a fresh Western wind to those weary of the strident or vapid, ephemeral songs of today - full of smartness and jingle, but almost without a trace of the genuine human thrill of "Suwanee River" or "Nellie Gray" or "Old Black Joe" or "My Old Kentucky Home." These Spanish songs of Old California are of that kindred. My versions are authentic, both in music and text. I have followed the Spanish with a singing English translation; and Arthur Farwell has made the pianoforte accompaniments with his unsurpassed sympathy and skill.

I find that to preserve these gems of California romance - and of real music - I must publish them myself.

Within a few weeks my "Spanish Songs of Old California" (First Book) will be on the market, with 14 typical songs. I am making this venture in the belief that these songs deserve both historically and musically to be saved from oblivion - and that they are really needed in our day.

I must depend almost wholly on subscription, and hope that this First Book may meet a welcome which will enable me to issue further books of about a dozen songs each, until we shall have preserved at least a reasonable representation of that quaint, genuine and fascinating folksong which flowered in the Patriarchal days of California "Before the Gringo Came."

I enclose blanks and will be grateful for any subscription you may be willing to make for yourself and to secure among your friends. What better for Christmas and New Year Gifts?

Always Your Friend,

Chas. F. Lummis-

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FLOWERS OF OUR LOST ROMANCE

IN old California, "Before the Gringo Came" —the California of the Franciscan Missions and the vast Ranchos—they lived the happiest, the humanest, the most beautiful life that Caucasians have ever lived anywhere under the sun. It was Patriarchal as Abraham—and far more hospitable. Hotels were impossible, because every home was open to the stranger—and even I have known the day when I could travel from San Francisco to Chile without a dollar or a letter. There were no orphan asylums—for everybody was anxious to adopt any orphan that happened. There was no paying $5 to be seen chattering in satin while some Diva sang her highest. There was no Grand Opera—and no fool songs. There were Songs of the Soil, and songs of poets and of troubadours, in this far, lone, beautiful, happy land; and songs that came over from Mother Spain and up from Step-mother Mexico. But everybody sang; and a great many made their own songs, or verses to other songs. Not being musical critics, they felt music, and arrived at it; and the Folksong of Spanish America is a treasure of inexhaustible beauty and extent.

The Songs of every Soil have beauty of their own; but the Folksong of the Spanish blood—whether in the Old Peninsula, or in the New World that Spain gave to the Old—has a particular fascination, a naiveté, and yet a vividness and life, a richness of melody, with a certain resilience and wilfulness—that give it a pre-eminent appeal. It has more Music in it —more Rhythm, more Grace. It is more simpatica. It not only joys my hearing and tickles in my pulses, but cuddles in my heart more happily than the songs of any of the score of other nationalities to which I have given friendly ear.

Song then was born of emotion, and never of the commercial itch. It came from the heart —and it reached the heart. When we reflect that out of the thousands of songs loosed upon us every year, practically all are with another year forgotten; when you try to recall how many songs written within the last 20 years find place in a collection of "College Songs" or other books for popular use—and after 50 years, every such anthology still gives "Suwanee River,""Old Black Joe,""Old Kentucky Home," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"—do these facts mean anything to you? I was born before the Civil War; yet there are not a dozen songs now national favorites which I did not know as a boy!

Personally, I feel that we who today inherit California are under a filial obligation to save whatever we may of the incomparable Romance which has made the name California a word to conjure with for 400 years. I feel that we cannot decently dodge a certain trusteeship to save the Old Missions from ruin and the Old Songs from oblivion. And I am convinced that from a purely selfish standpoint, our musical repertory is in crying need of enrichment—more by heartfelt musicians than by tailor-made ones, more from folksong than from pot-boilers.

For 38 years I have been collecting the old, old songs of the Southwest; beginning long before the phonograph but utilizing that in later years. I have thus recorded over 450 unpublished Spanish songs (and know many more in my "Attic"). It was barely in time; the very people who taught them to me have mostly forgotten them, or died, and few of their children know them. But it is a sin and a folly to let such songs perish. We need them now! They are of the kindred of our own undying favorites. My versions are authentic, both in music and in text; and Mr. Farwell's pianoforte accompaniments are of his unsurpassed sympathy and skill. Frankly, I do not know when such a muster of such songs has ever before knocked at our door in a body. Frankly, do you?

Here are 14 Songs of 14 kinds—songs that Frémont the Pathfinder heard and loved; and ahead of him, Dana, of "Two Years Before The Mast." They range from the unfeigned Mother Goose of "Queléle" and "Zapatero," through the magpie pertness of "Pepa," the shrewd "Primavera," the passion of "Mágica Mujer," and "Adios Amores," the wistful "Peña Hueca," the Heine-like "Barquillera," the whimsical "Charro." Spanish lends itself notably to the onomatopoetic, or Sense-Revealing song, in which the rhythm or sound (or both) simulate the subject sung of. Two admirable examples here are the sway of the hammock in "La Hamaca" and the pelt of the rain in "Capotin." As for "La Noche 'sta Serena"—that has always affected me as the dear "Juanita" of my boyhood. One cannot help but love these songs —the homely quaintness of some, the sheer beauty of others, and the charm of all.

The amateur collector tends to dwell on the romantic surroundings amid which he "found" a song, and the picturesqueness of the singer. Had I here a book's span I might speak of these things—the long wintry seasons with New Mexican shepherds in their High Sierras; the golden days and nights at the old Spanish ranchos of California and Peru, filled with song —there has been enough "story" in my 38 years of collecting. But I have been singing these songs with my Spanish friends much more than half my life; and it seems invidious (though it might be dramatic) to attribute each song to a picturesque source. I wish it to be plain that these songs were COMMON PROPERTY. In those days, EVERYBODY sang—"some better than other."

Yet I cannot put out this booklet without a tribute to one whose pride of race as a Californian has done much to save the Songs of her people. In all my collecting, throughout Spanish America, I have not found another such golden memory; and her clear, true voice has given me the phonograph versions of 13 of these songs—in all, she recorded 160 for me! We owe long remembrance to Doña Manuela Garcia, of Los Angeles. The 14th song, "El Queléle," was recorded by that famous California "toast," Doña Tulita Wilcox.

"Everybody sang!" Even in my own New England boyhood, boys and men whistled, and women sang at their work. And the "Congregational singing!" And in the California days of my young manhood it seemed there was always somebody singing at work or play — Carmen or Nena or Pichona or Ysabel—and nightly, by dusk or moonlight, twenty or thirty of us would sit in the long corredor, forgetting the hours as we sung our hearts out in these very songs and a hundred others—maybe with Padre Pedro marching up and down, conducting; a choirmaster with a voice as the Bulls of Bashan.

Perhaps the movement for Community Singing shall bring back, somewhat, the like saving grace to our hurried, angular lives. There is nothing in the world that could be so "good for what ails us"—the unrest, the social dyspepsia, the de-humanizing and de-homing, the apartness that comes by multitudes—as to Get Together and Sing Together. It brings a marvelous psychological "thaw," even in a crowd of strangers—and a wondrous welding in a crowd of friends. And for that, these old Spanish songs have, in Mr. Farwell's splendid Community Choruses, become fully as great favorites as their Saxon kindred, "Suwanee River," "Old Kentucky Home," "John Brown's Body," and all that roster of deathless memory.

If I have erred in these translations, it has not been by being clever at the expense of the original. I can write better lyrics; but these are not my songs—and I have no brotherhood with those who take other lands and other people merely as a blackboard across which to write their own smartness. And surely my translations can be no worse than those in which we sing Schubert, Grieg and other classics.

These songs "belong to be sung in Spanish;" but I have written an English version which will sing, and still preserve the sense very closely—the most difficult form of literary gymnastics I have ever found. The genius of the two languages is in this absolutely unlike. We "set a song to music;" in Spanish the Music is the thing—and if a word has to be stood on its head as to accent, why, on its head it goes!

At any rate, we shall have saved a heritage of lasting beauty, to which abler poets may do better justice. And I hope to be able to follow this book with others, each of about the same number of songs, until we have preserved a fair showing of the quaint, heartfelt and heart-reaching Folksong which flowered in the California That Was.

The classic cover-drawing is by Ed. Borein, "Of Mine"—California boy, $30-a-month cowpuncher who long rode the ranges of California, Mexico and our Southwest, and taught himself into a true painter and one of the best etchers in America. He too is doing much to save (pictorially) the Romance of Old California.

November, 1923.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Chas. F. Lummis—

NOTE BY ARTHUR FARWELL

THE discovery of a new and choice example of folksong is a benefaction and a delight. The discovery of an entire new field of folksong is heroic, and a subject for general rejoicing. The collection, by Dr. Chas. F. Lummis, of more than four hundred and fifty unrecorded Spanish folksongs of the Southwest, from the year 1884 onward, was equivalent to such an achievement; for nothing was known of these songs at that time by the people of the United States. Almost nothing, indeed, is generally known as yet.

The fourteen "Spanish Songs of Old California" here presented breathe a character at once unique and clearly defined. Echoes of old Spain appear, especially in certain of the rhythms; but the old Spanish Southwest has placed its own stamp upon the folksong. A characteristic wit, quaintness, charm of phrase, peculiarity of construction, not to be found elsewhere, asserts itself continually. All of these songs rise to distinction of quality, in some instances of a degree which must elevate them to the rank of classics of folksong.

To the vast community singing movement of America, the meaning and value of these songs is beyond all power to estimate or predict. The Spanish Californian songs come to this great movement as a veritable new lease of life. In community song movements under my direction they have been sung, and are being sung, by large numbers of people year after year with increasing enthusiasm and delight, even under the difficulties of their hitherto unpublished condition. Their power to animate and thrill the people in community singing is remarkable.

The great present need of the community song movement is to enlarge its scope, to escape from the old ruts and to find new songs of the right kind which the people will take delight in singing. Community song leaders will have in the present book of Spanish Californian songs, in the most picturesque and striking manner, a means of thus developing their work and increasing the interest and pleasure of their singers.

In the sphere of part singing and choral development excellent contributions are gradually being made to this movement. But in the most fundamental and immediately needed material in the sphere of straightforward and successful songs for the people, I know of nothing to compare with these vital and colorful folk-expressions. The greater part of these songs have the advantage of having, in their present form, stood the test of continued practical use today with large groups of people from all parts of the country. Their very real worth to the American has been amply demonstrated.

The value of the Spanish-Californian songs to individual singers, in providing them with new and engaging folksong features for their programs, is too obvious to require comment.

In order that the essential character and primitive power of the songs shall not be sacrificed, I have reverted in general, in the accompaniments, to a simple equivalent of the native guitar accompaniments, to which I have added the notes of the melody. To this I returned, as the truest and most desirable manner of presenting the songs, after various experiments with artistic subtleties in keeping with the developments of the musical art of the day. Such subtleties belong not to folksongs in their primitive presentation, but to developed musical artworks based upon them. As a new, characteristic and vivid contribution to the authentic literature of folksong, these songs will be loved wherever songs from the heart are sung and prized.

Pasadena, California.

November, 1923.

Arthur Farwell

La Hamaca

(The Hammock)

Recorded and Translated by
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL

With swaying motion

mp

1. *Ten go mi ha-ma - ca ten - di - da, En la o - ri - lla del mar. Y mi ca - ba-ña es- con- di - da En me-dio de un pla - ta - nal.*
2. *Re cuer- dos trai-go en el al - ma, Que me ha - cen mu - cho su - frir. No me los mi - res con cal - ma Por que me sien-to el mo - rir.*
1. I have my ham - mock a - swing - ing, by the side of the sea. Hid - - den my cab - in is cling - ing Where the ba - na - na grows free.
2. Mem - - o - ries bear I at heart, love, ly I suf - fer there - by. Treat me not cold and a - part, love, For I feel Death ve - ry nigh.

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Som - bra me da el bos - que, Bri - sa me da el mar,
Da - le tu el a - li - vio Á mi cru - el pe - nar,
Breez - es the sea it brings me, Sha - dy's my grove a - bove,
Give me thou the eas - ing Here of my hurt so deep,

mp *mf*

Tri - nos el cen - sont - li Que be - llo es a - mar. Que be - lla es la
Cal - ma mi mar - ti - rio No me ha - gas llo - rar. Ven que en - tre mis
Songs the mock-bird sings me, How love - ly is love! How love - ly is
Mar - tyr - dom un - ceas - ing, O, make me not weep! Come here to mine

vi - da, Me - cien do se va Cual mi ha - ma - ca ten -
bra - zos. Te quie - ro ar - ru - llar Con el dul - ce mur -
liv - ing! Life sways to its bliss Like my ham - mock a
arms, love, I'd rock thee to sleep Sway - ing a - way to the

ret.

di - da de a - quí pa - ra a - llá, de a - llá pa - ra a - cá.
mu - llo del a - gua del mar, del a - gua del mar.
giv - ing a rock - a - by that way, rock - a - by this.
mur - mur of lul - la - by wave - lets, waves of the deep.

ret. *p*

La Barquillera

(The Girl and the Wherry)

Recorded and Translated by
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL

Light and vivacious

mp

1. *En un de - li - cio - so puer to, De ver - de y*
2. " " " " " " " " " " "
3. " " " " " " " " " " "
1. All in a de - li - cious port, Oh, with fresh green
2. " " " " " " " " " " "
3. " " " " " " " " " " "

mp

fres - ca o - ri - lla, En u - na frá - gil bar - qui -
" " " " " " " " " " "
" " " " " " " " " " "
shores so mer - ry, All in a frail lit - tle wher -
" " " " " " " " " " "
" " " " " " " " " " "

lla, U - na tar - de me em - bar - qué. Y la her -
" " " " " " " " " *De - ja,*
" " " " " " " " " *Bar - qui -*
ry, On an eve - ning I put to sea. And the
" " " " " " " " " Leave it,
" " " " " " " " " Drop your

f

f

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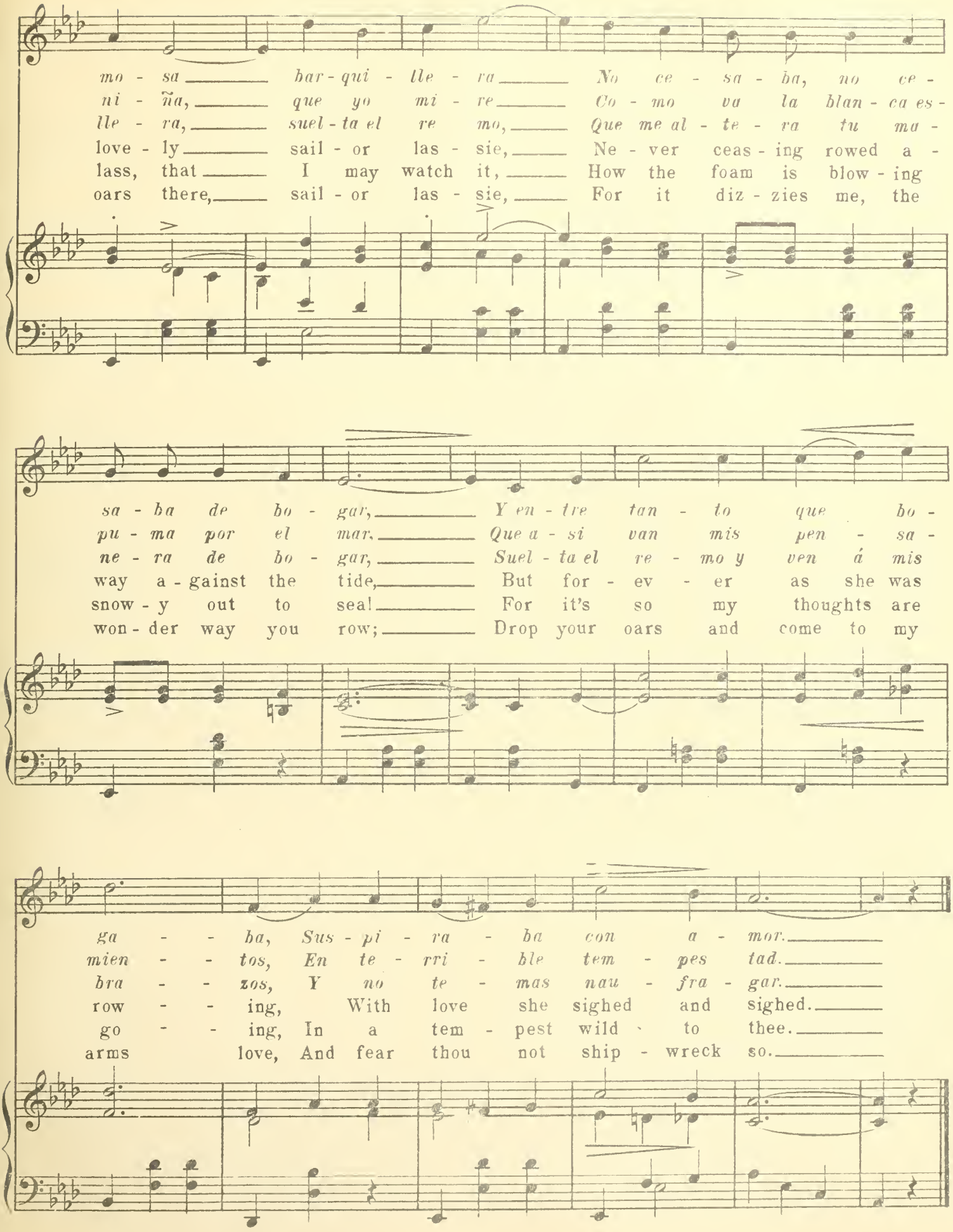
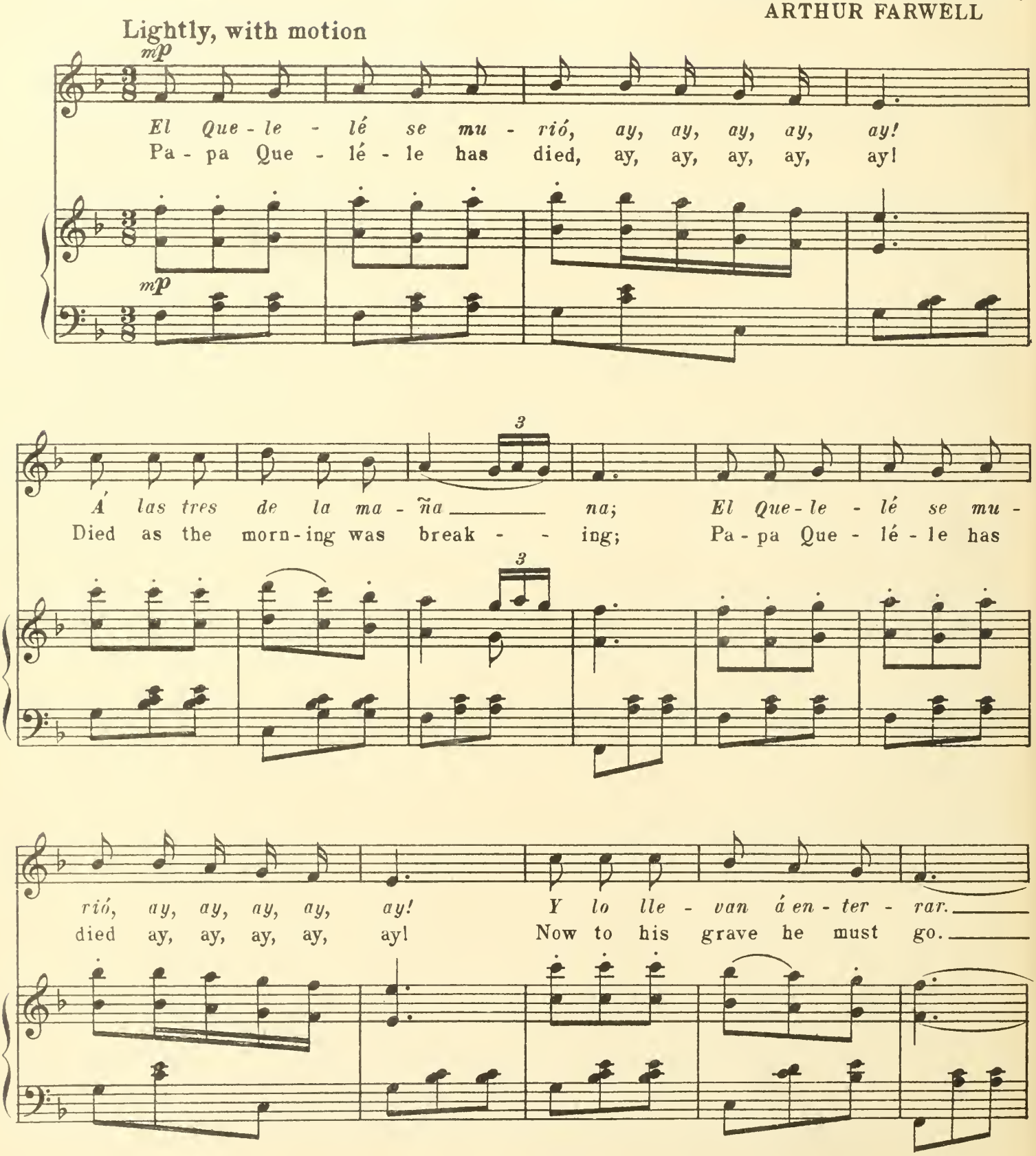

mo - sa bar - qui - lle - ra No ce - sa - ba, no ce -
ni - ña, que yo mi - re Co - mo va la blan - ca es -
lle - ra, suel - ta el re mo, Que me al - te - ra tu ma -
love - ly sail - or las - sie, Ne - ver ceas - ing rowed a -
lass, that I may watch it, How the foam is blow - ing
oars there, sail - or las - sie, For it diz - zies me, the
sa - ba de bo - gar, Y en - tre tan - to que bo -
pu - ma por el mar, Que a - si van mis pen - sa -
ne - ra de bo - gar, Suel - ta el re - mo y ven á mis
way a - gainst the tide, But for - ev - er as she was
snow - y out to sea! For it's so my thoughts are
won - der way you row; Drop your oars and come to my
ga - - ba, Sus - pi - ra - ba con a - mor.
mien - - tos, En te - rri - ble tem - pes tad.
bra - - zos, Y no te - mas nau - fra - gar.
row - - ing, With love she sighed and sighed.
go - - ing, In a tem - pest wild to thee.
arms love, And fear thou not ship - wreck so.

El Queléle
(The White Hawk)

Recorded and Translated by
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL



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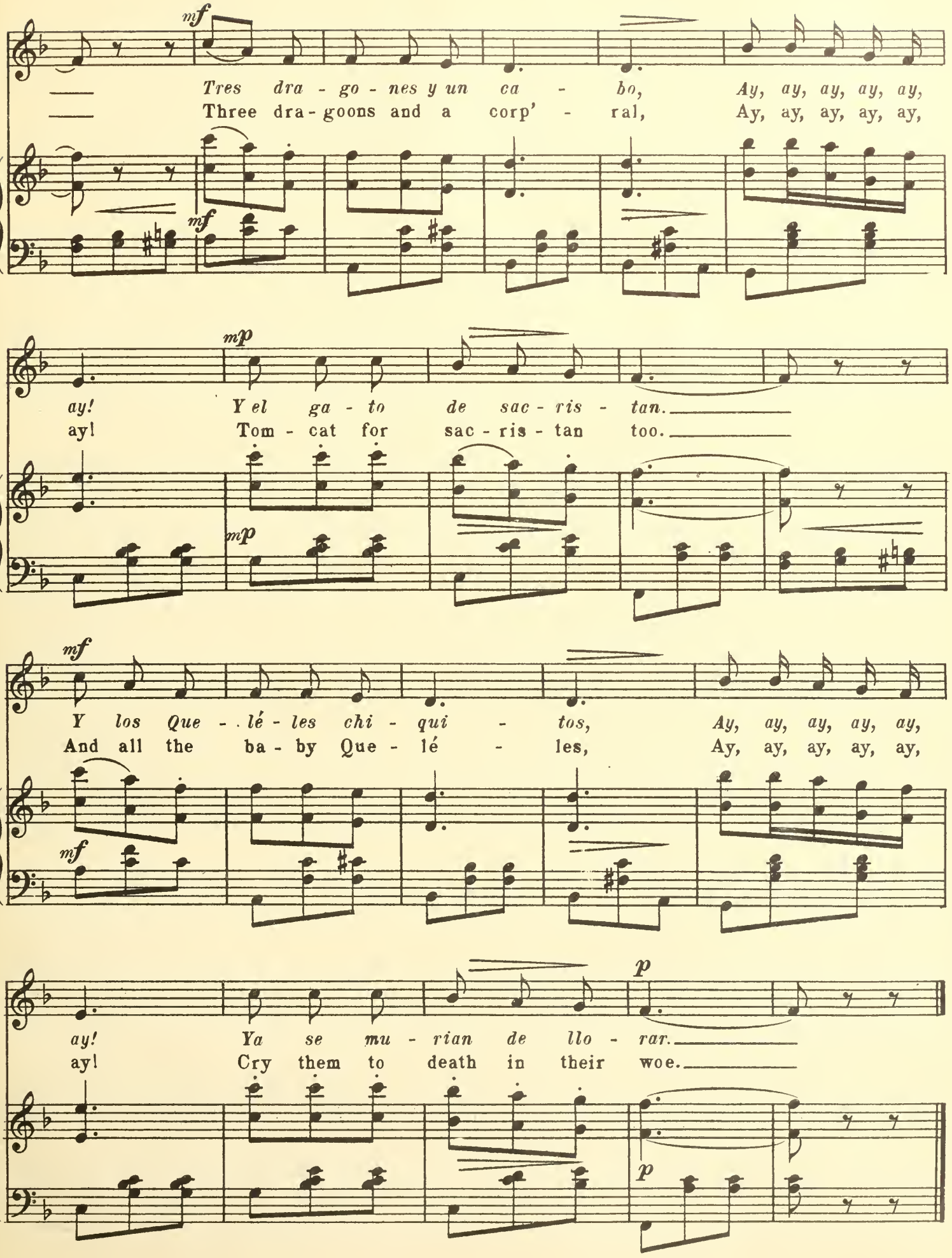
mf
Tres dra - go - nes y un ca - bo, Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
Three dra - goons and a corp' - ral, Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
mf
mp
ay! Y el ga - to de sac - ris - tan.
ay! Tom - cat for sac - ris - tan too.
mp
mf
Y los Que - lé - les chi - qui - tos, Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
And all the ba - by Que - lé - les, Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
mf
p
ay! Ya se mu - rian de llo - rar.
ay! Cry them to death in their woe.
p

La Noche 'sta Serena

(Serenade)

Recorded and Translated by
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL

Slowly and serenely

p

1. La no - che 'sta se - re - na, Tran - qui - lo el a - qui -
2. De un co - ra - zon que te a - ma, Re - ci - be el tier - no a -
1. So fair and still the night is, The ve - ry winds a -
2. Oh, take this heart to thy heart, His heart that doth a -

p

lon, Tu dul - ce cen - ti - ne - la, Te guar - da el co - ra -
mor: No au - men - tes mas la lla - ma, Pie - dad á un tro - ba -
sleep: Thy sen - ti - nel so ten - der His watch and ward doth
dore! Fan not the flame con - sum - ing, That burns thy trou - ba -

zon. Y en a - las de los zé - fi - ros, Que va - gan por do -
dor. Y si te mue - ve á las - ti - ma, Mi e - ter - no pa - de -
keep. And on the wings of ze - phyrs soft, That wan - der how they
dour. And if com - pas - sion stir thy breast, For my e - ter - nal

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retard. *pp in time*

quier, *Vo - lan - do van mis sú - pli - cas, A´*
cer. *Co - mo te a - mo a - ma - me, Be -*
will, To thee my fair one, all to thee, My
woe, Oh, as I love thee, love - li - est Of

retard. *pp in time*

tí, be - lla mu - jer, Vo - lan - do van mis
lli - si - ma mu - jer, Co - mo te a - mo,
prayers go flutt' - ring still, To thee, my fair one,
wo - men, love me so! And as I love thee,

ret. *p*

sú - pli - cas, A´ tí be - lla mu - jer.
a - ma - me, Be - lli - si - ma mu - jer.
all to thee, My prayers go flutt' - ring still.
love - li - est Of wo - men, love me so!

ret. *p*

El Capotin

(The Rain Song)

Recorded and Translated by
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL

With swing, well accented

f

1. *Yo soy fir - me pa - ra a - mar - te Y con - stan - te en el que - rer, Que tra - ba - jos pa - sa un hom - bre Cuan - do quie - re á un - a mu - jer! Yo soy*
2. *Que tra - ba - jos pa - sa un hom - bre Cuan - do em - piez - a á en - a - mo - rar, To - ma vi - no, se em - bor - ra - cha, Y se a - cues ta sin ce - nar. Que tra - to - la ni pu - ñal, Ma - ta - me con tus o - ji - tos, Ó e - sos la - bios de co - ral No me*
3. *No me ma - tes, no me ma - tes, Con pis - tol or a knife! Kill me, ra - ther, with thine eyes, love,*

1. I am boun - den for to love thee, And my con - stan - cy I'll show; O the trou - bles of a fel - low, When he loves a wo - man so! I am
2. What hard knocks be - fall a fel - low, When he falls in love at sight! Takes to wine and gets be - fud - dled, Goes to bed with - out a bite. What hard
3. Do not kill me, do not kill me, With a With those red lips take my life. Do not

NOTE: The capotin is the characteristic Mexican rain-cape, a thatch of leaves around the shoulders; very ancient. This is one of the best of the onomatopoetic songs of Spanish-America.

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mf

jer! 1.
nar. 2.
ral. 3.
Con el ca-po - tin-tin-tin - tin que es-ta no - che va llo -

so. 1.
bite. 2.
life. 3.
With the ca-po - tin-tin-tin - tin, For to night it's going to

mf

ver, *Con el ca-po - tin-tin-tin - tin, Que se - rá al a - man - e -*
rain, With the ca-po - tin-tin-tin - tin, And may - be at dawn a -

f

cer. *Con el ca-po - tin-tin-tin - tin que es-ta no - che va llo -*
gain. With the ca-po - tin-tin-tin - tin, For to night it's going to

f

(*small notes 3rd stanza*)

ver, *Con el ca-po - tin-tin-tin - tin, Que se - rá al a - ma - ne - cer.*
rain, With the ca-po - tin-tin-tin - tin, And may - be at dawn a - gain.

(*small notes 3rd stanza*)

Chata Cara de Bule

(Bells of the Rosário)

Recorded and Translated by
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL

Moderately and smoothly

mp

Vuel-ve o-tra vez con
Come as of old and

tus pa-la-bras tier-nas — *Y ven-drás á con-so-lar á es-te hom-bre en su a-fli-*
with thy words so ten-der, — Come in mer-cy and con-sole This man af-flic-ted

mp

cion; Quien hu-bie-ra sa-bi-do Qu tu a-mor e-ra i-lu-sion, Ay!
so; Who would ev-er have dreamed it, That thy love was but a show, Ay!

ret. *mf*

mp

mp in time

Pa-ra no ha-ber con-sen-ti-do, Ni pues-to-te tan-to a-mor.
That he nev-er had con-sen-ted, No, nor staked such love on thee.

mp in time

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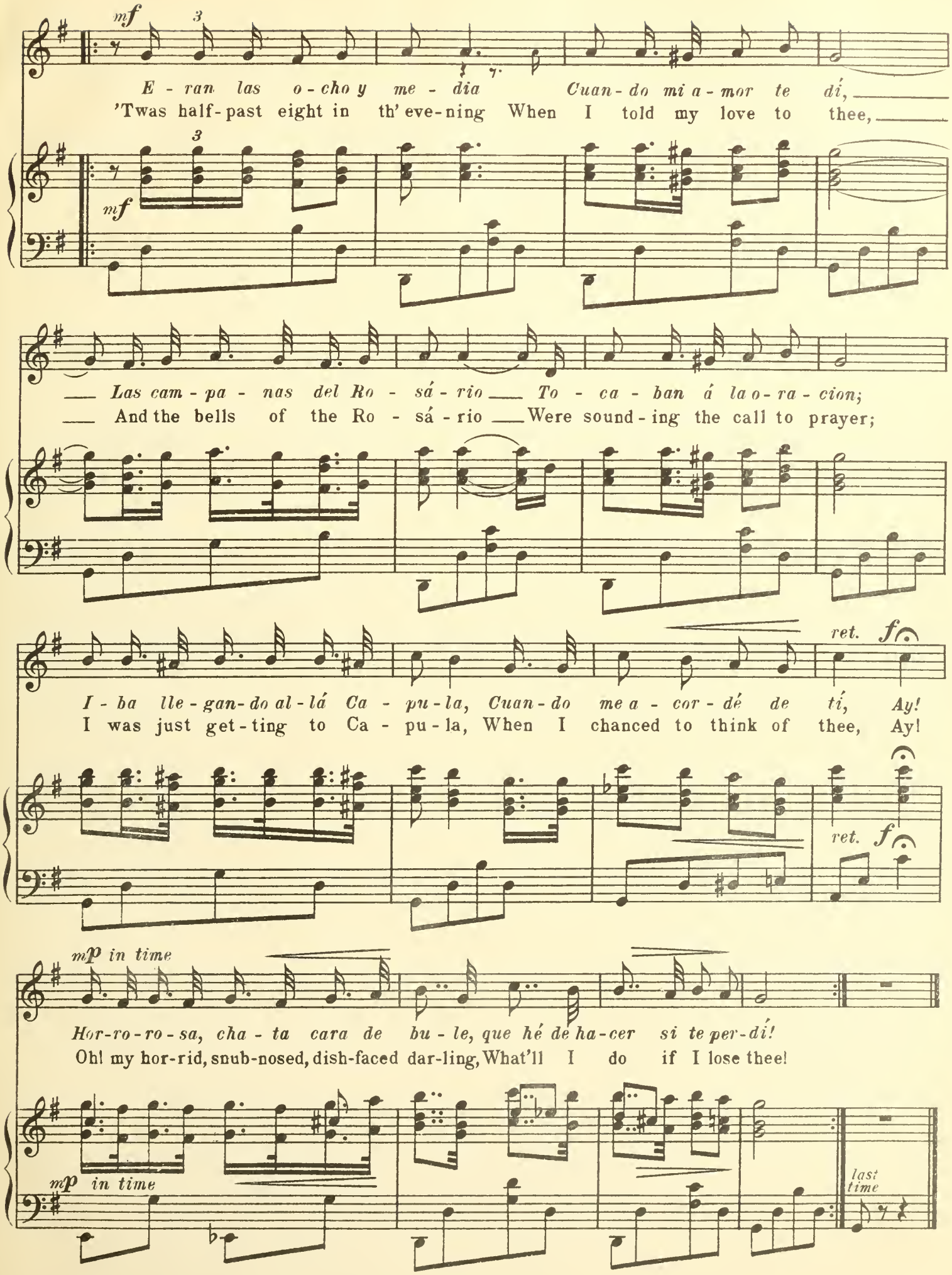
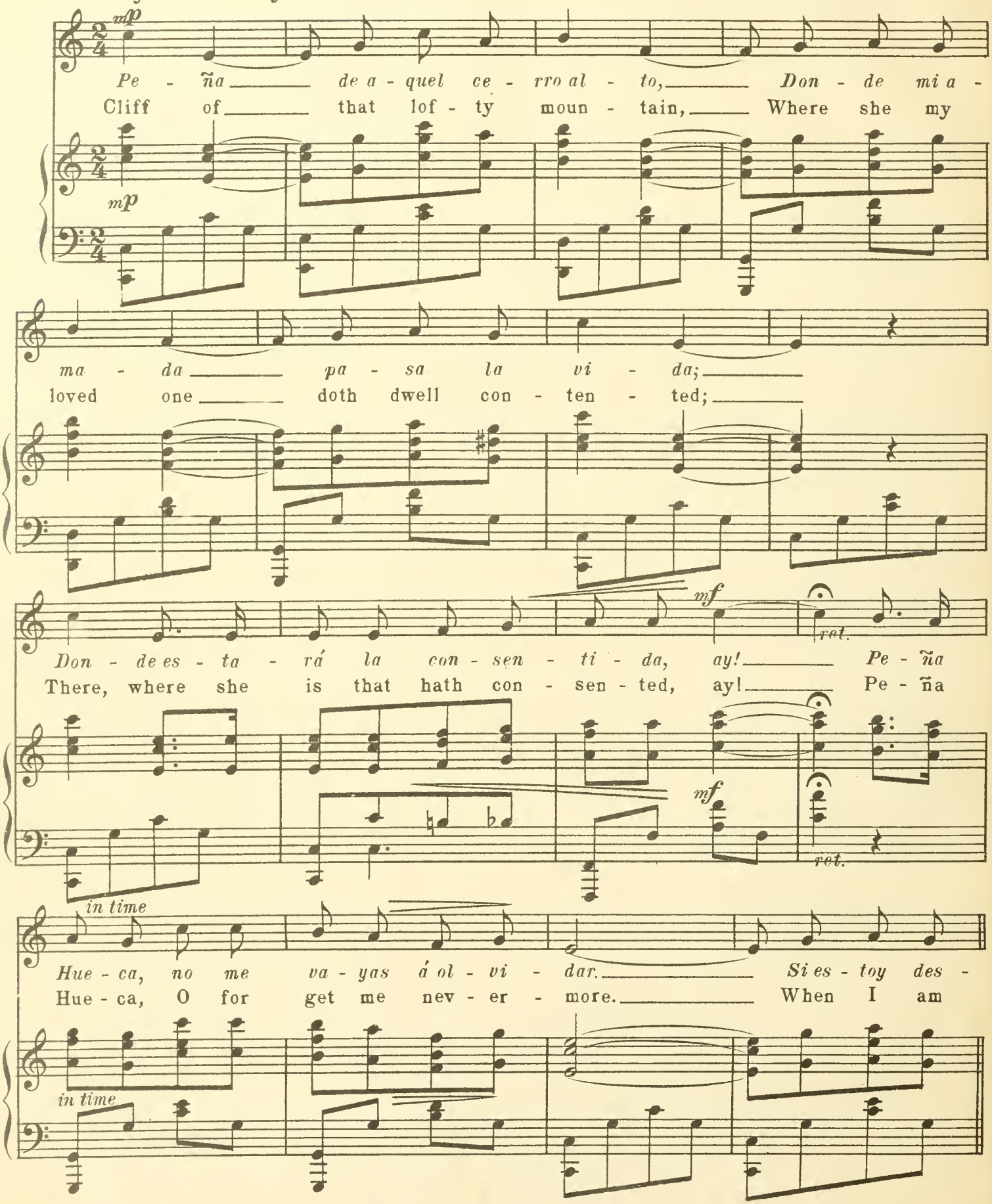

mf
E - ran las o - cho y me - dia Cuan - do mi a - mor te dí,
'Twas half-past eight in th' eve-ning When I told my love to thee,
mf
Las cam - pa - nas del Ro - sá - rio To - ca - ban á la o - ra - cion;
And the bells of the Ro - sá - rio Were sound - ing the call to prayer;
ret. f
I - ba lle - gan - do al - lá Ca - pu - la, Cuan - do me a - cor - dé de tí, Ay!
I was just get - ting to Ca - pu - la, When I chanced to think of thee, Ay!
ret. f
mp in time
Hor - ro - ro - sa, cha - ta cara de bu - le, que hé de ha - cer si te per - dí!
Oh! my hor - rid, snub - nosed, dish - faced dar - ling, What'll I do if I lose thee!
mp in time
last time

Peña Hueca

(A Teamster's Song)

Recorded and Translated by
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL



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pier - to, te es - toy mi - ran - do, Si es - toy dor -
wak - ing, I see thy seem - ing, When I am

mi - do, Te es - toy so - ñan - do;
sleep - ing, Of thee I'm dream - ing;

f *in time*
rit.

Siem - pre la yun - ta an - dan - do, ay! Pe - ña Hue - ca, no me
E'er with my ox - en team - ing, ay! Pe - ña Hue - ca, O for -

f *in time*
rit.

1 2 *p*

va - yas á ol - vi - dar. Si es - toy des - dar.
get me nev - er - more. When I am more.

p

El Zapatero

(The Shoemaker)

Recorded and Translated by
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL

Very moderately

mp

Yo le di - je á un za - pa - te - ro Que mi hi - cie - ra u - nos za -
I spoke to a shoe - ma - ker For to make me a pair of

mp

pa - tos, Con el pi - qui - to re - don - do Co - mo lo tie - nen los pa - tos.
shoes-es, With the toes all nice-ly round-ed Like a duck's bill or a goos - e's

Fast and Furious

f

Mal - ha - ya el za - pa - te - ro, Co - mo me en - ga - ñó! Me
Con - found that old shoe - ma - ker, How he fooled me, though! He

f

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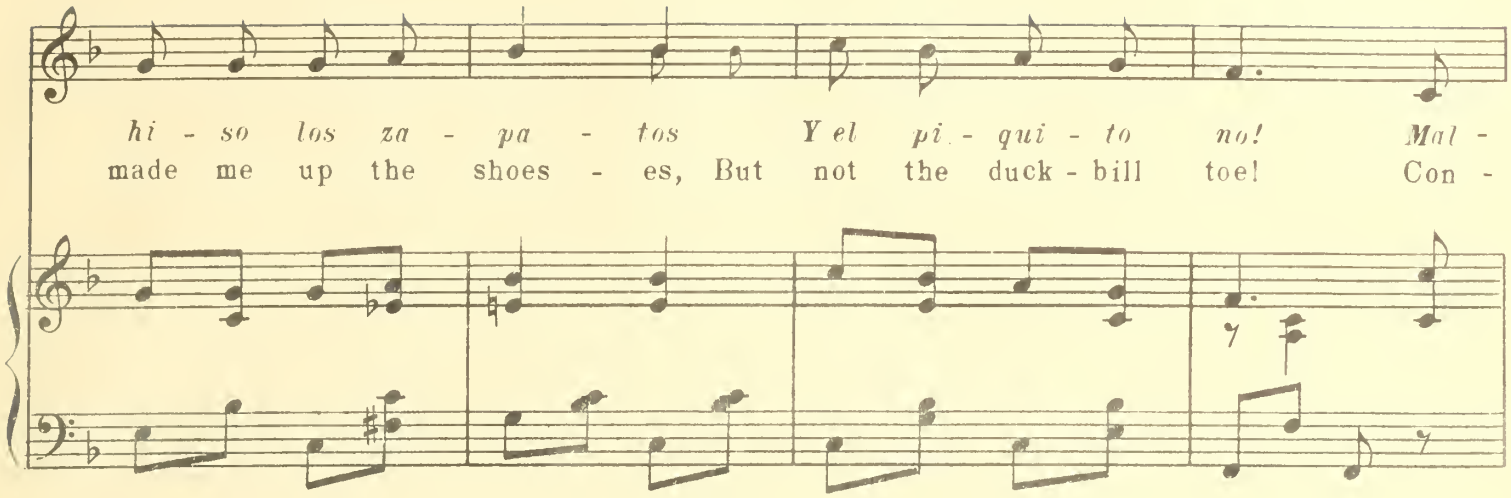
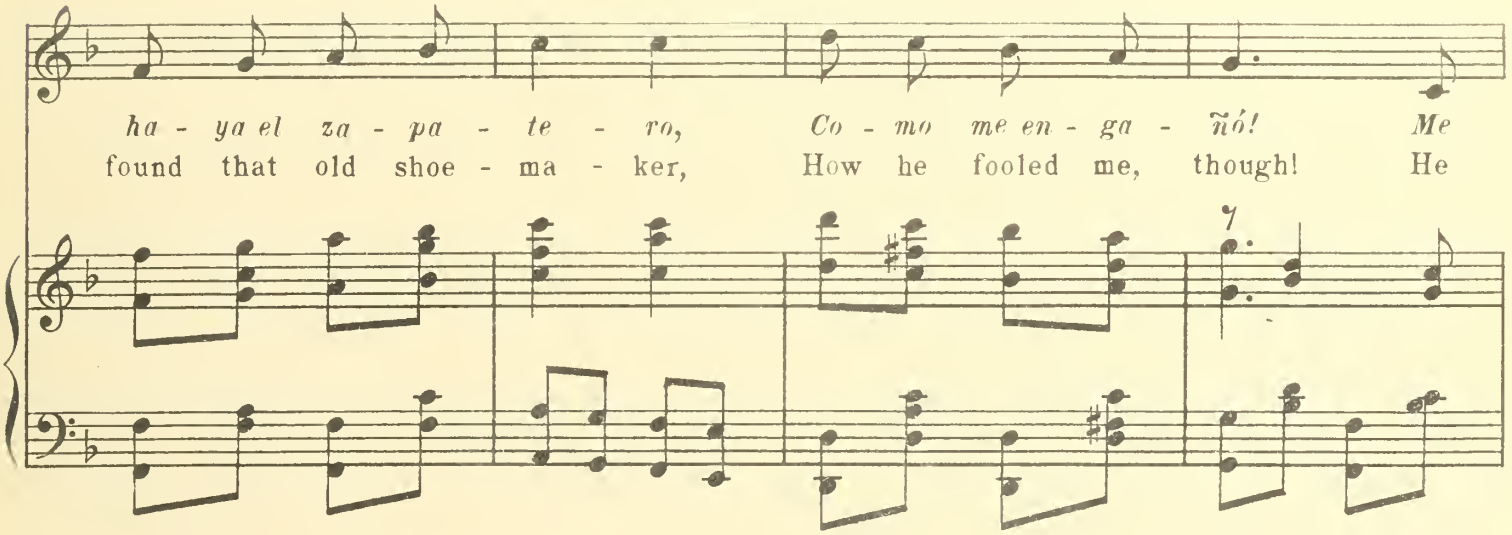
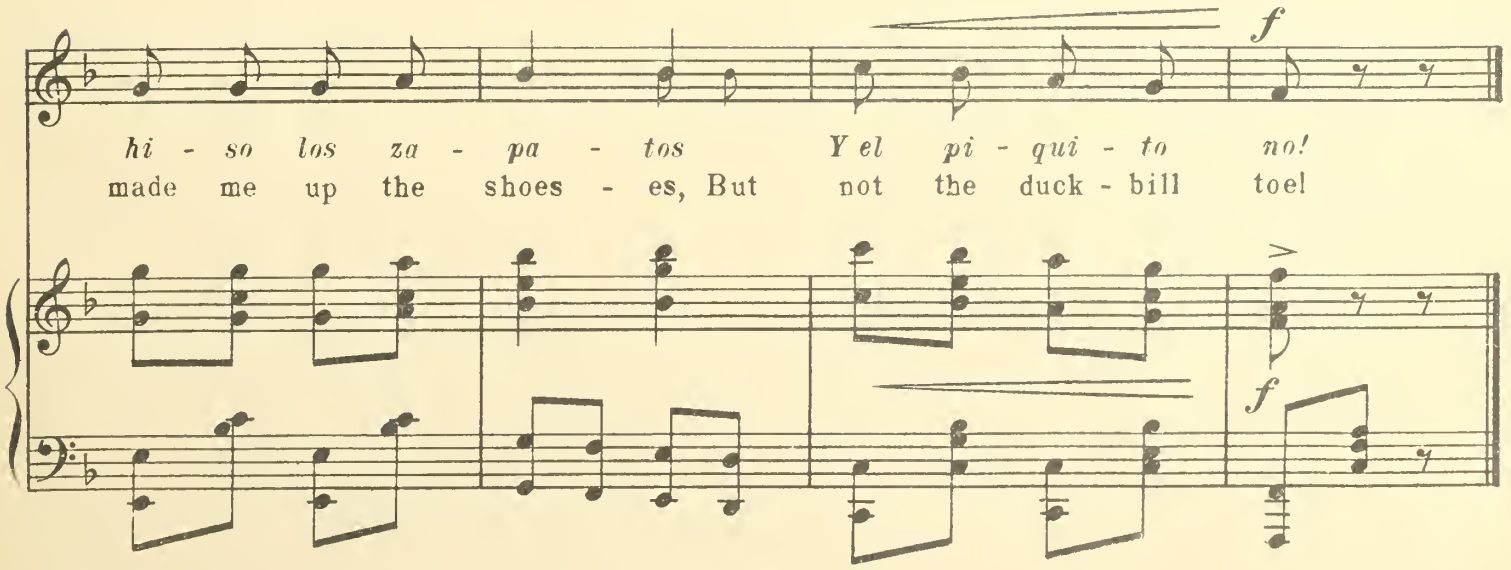

hi - so los za - pa - tos Y el pi - qui - to no! Mal -
made me up the shoes - es, But not the duck - bill toe! Con -


ha - ya el za - pa - te - ro, Co - mo me en - ga - ñó! Me
found that old shoe - ma - ker, How he fooled me, though! He


f
hi - so los za - pa - tos Y el pi - qui - to no!
made me up the shoes - es, But not the duck - bill toe!
f

La Primavera

(In Springtime)

Recorded and Translated by
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL

With motion and grace

p

1. Ya vie - ne la pri - ma - ve - ra, sem - bran - do
2. No me mi - res que nos mi - ran que nos mi -
3. De se - pul - cro en se - pul - cro voy pre - gun -
1. Now com - eth the spring - time ten - der, wild flow - ers
2. Eye me not for they are eye - ing us and they
3. From grave un - to grave I make my way, tap - ping,

p

flo - res, sem - bran - do flo - res, ay, ay! Y ya los cam - pos se es -
ra - mos, que nos mi - ra - mos, ay, ay! Y mi - ran - do nos se
tan - do voy pre - gun - tan - do, ay, ay! Si a - lli mo - ra al - gun
sow - ing, wild - flow - ers sow - ing, ay, ay! And now are the fields a -
see us eye, see us eye - ing, ay, ay! And eye - ing at us they're
ask - ing each, ask - ing, prov - ing, ay, ay! Is an - y soul here, I

p

mal - tan de mil co - lo - res, de mil co - lo - res.
di - cen que nos a - ma - mos, que nos a - ma - mos.
al - ma que mu - rió a - man - do, que mu - rió a - man - do.
splen - dor, all col - ors glow - ing, all col - ors glow - ing.
say - ing that we are eye - ing, yes, lov - ers' eye - ing.
won - der, that died of lov - ing, died just of lov - ing.

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mf *broaden slightly* *in time*

Can - tan las a - ves, Can - tan las a - ves,
No nos mi - re - mos, No nos mi re - mos,
Res - pon - dió - me u - na, Res - pon - dió - me u - na:
Bird songs are ring - ing, Bird songs are ring - ing,
Now they are spy - ing, Now they are spy - ing,
One an - swered can - did, One an - swered can - did:

mf *broaden slightly* *in time*

p

Los o - te - ros re - pi - tan sus tri - nos sua - ves, sus tri - nos sua - ves.
Que cuan - do no nos mi - ran, nos mi - ra - re - mos, nos mi - ra - re - mos.
"De mu - jer - es mi - llar - es, de hom- bre nin - gu - na, de hom - bre nin - gu - na."
All the hills of the val - ley e - cho their sing - ing, e - cho their sing - ing.
When their eyes are not on us, then we'll be eye - ing, then we'll be eye - ing.
"Wo - men, yes, by ten thous - ands, nev - er a man did! nev - er a man did!"

p

Mi Pepa

Recorded and Translated by
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL

Lightly, with motion

mp

1. *Quie - ro á mi Pe - pa y no es bro - ma, Por-que es hem - bra*
2. *Soy mas du - ro que u - na pe - ña, Y mi Pe - pa*
3. *No hay o - tra hem - bra en Se - vi - lla, De mas ran - go y*

1. I love Pe - pa and that's no sto - ry, For she is a
2. I am hard - er than the gran - ite, And my Pe - pa
3. Not a dame in all Se - vil - la Of more qual - i -

mp

muy for - mal E - lla me ha - ce de - li - rar
me des - ha - ce Con la mue - ca que me ha - ce
mas me - ne - o, Ni de tan - to za - ran - de - o
dame of hon - or, Sets me wild to gaze up - on her
has me crum - bled, Mak - ing mouths to keep me hum - bled
ty, nor brisk - er, Nor so love - ly, live - ly a frisk - er

Si á la ven - ta - na se a - so - ma Y to - ma,
Y el o - ji - to que me gui - ña. Y to - ma,
Co - mo tie - ne mi Pe - pi - lla. Y chi - lla,
At her case - ment in her glo - ry. And take it,
And her lit - tle wink be - gan it. And take it,
As my ve - ry same Pe - pi - ya. She's bawl - ing,

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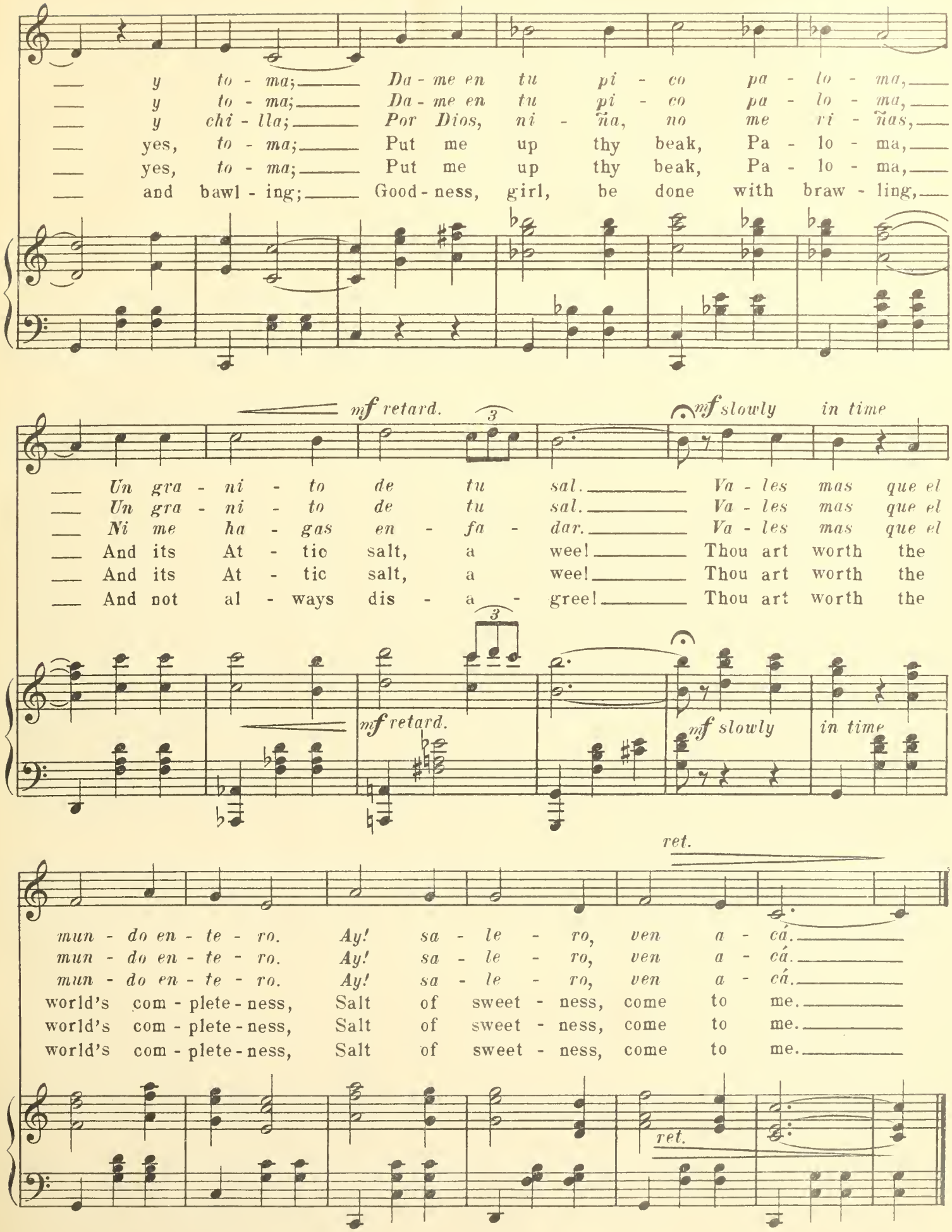
y to - ma; Da - me en tu pi - co pa - lo - ma,
y to - ma; Da - me en tu pi - co pa - lo - ma,
y chi - lla; Por Dios, ni - ña, no me ri - ñas,
yes, to - ma; Put me up thy beak, Pa - lo - ma,
yes, to - ma; Put me up thy beak, Pa - lo - ma,
and bawl - ing; Good - ness, girl, be done with braw - ling,
mf retard.
mf slowly
in time
Un gra - ni - to de tu sal. Va - les mas que el
Un gra - ni - to de tu sal. Va - les mas que el
Ni me ha - gas en - fa - dar. Va - les mas que el
And its At - tic salt, a wee! Thou art worth the
And its At - tic salt, a wee! Thou art worth the
And not al - ways dis - a - gree! Thou art worth the
mf retard.
mf slowly
in time
ret.
mun - do en - te - ro. Ay! sa - le - ro, ven a - cá.
mun - do en - te - ro. Ay! sa - le - ro, ven a - cá.
mun - do en - te - ro. Ay! sa - le - ro, ven a - cá.
world's com - plete - ness, Salt of sweet - ness, come to me.
world's com - plete - ness, Salt of sweet - ness, come to me.
world's com - plete - ness, Salt of sweet - ness, come to me.
ret.

Es el Amor Mariposa

(Butterfly Love)

Recorded and Translated by
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL

Moderately

mp

1. *Es el a - mor ma - ri - po - sa,*
2. *Es el a - mor co - mo un ni - ño, Ca -*
1. Love is a but - ter - fly ev - er,
2. Love is the likes of a ba - by, Ca -

mp

que á la sa - li - da del sol Ex - tien - de sus blan - cas
pri - cho - so y ju - gue - ton, Que por un ju - gue - te
that with the first sun - ny hour Wide o - pens on snow - y
pri - cious and play - thing mad, That, aye, for a new - er

a - las, y vue - la de flor en flor.
nue - vo, des - pre - cia el que le sir - vió.
pin - ions and flut - ters from flower to flower.
play - thing dis - pri - zes the one he had.

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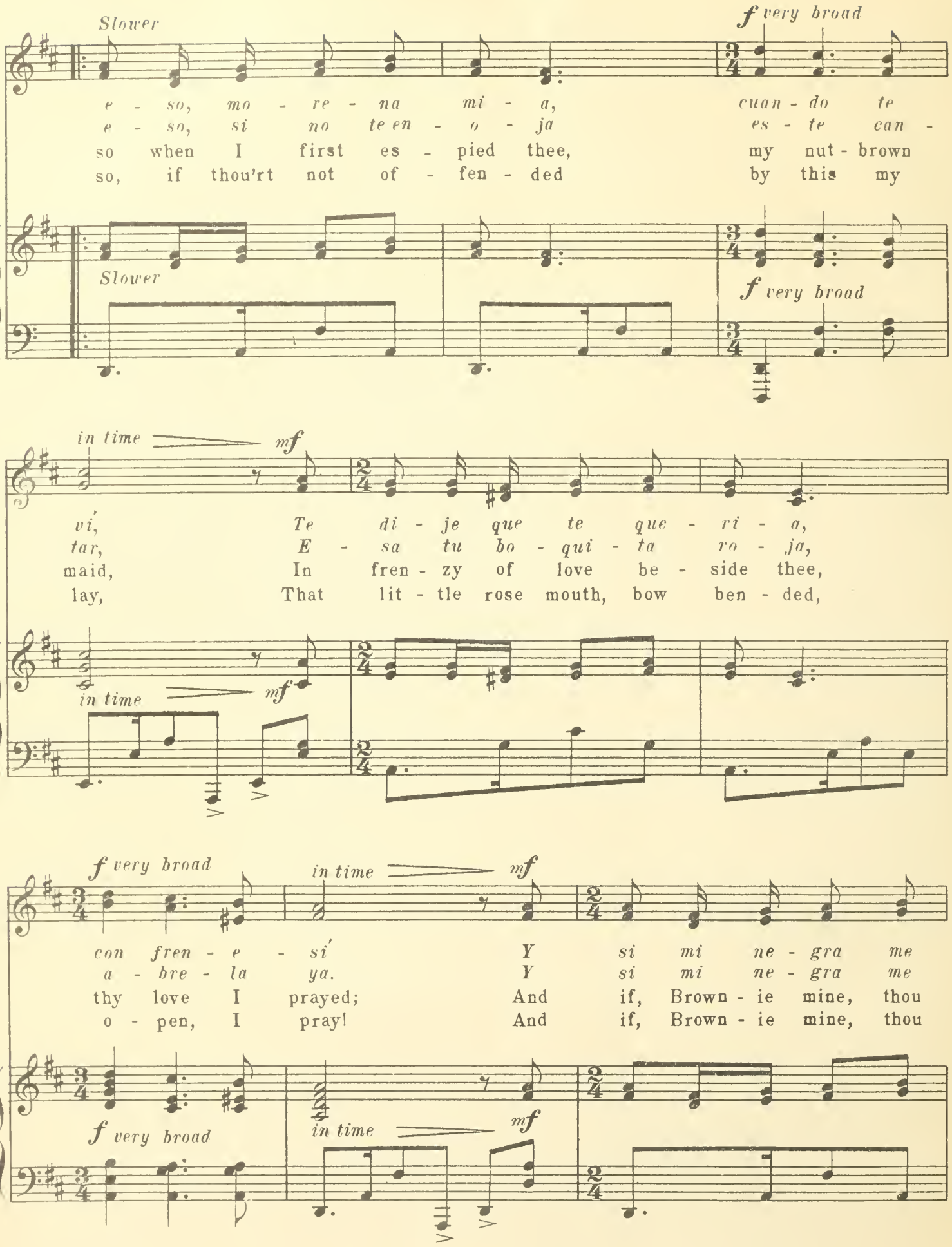
Es el a - mor un gil - gue - ro, que bus - ca su nue - vo pla -
En es - te mun - do, pa - lo - ma, to - do pa - sa tan ve -
Love is the likes of a lin - net, that pleas - ure in nov - el - ty
In this our world, my Pa - lo - ma, all pass - es a - way, and so

cer Y man - da sus dul - ces can - tos á
loz Que nos de - ja sa - bo - rean - do, a -
greets, And pours out his love song gol - den, wher -
fast, It leaves in the mouth but sa - vor of

ret. *mf*

la pri - me - ra que vé. Por
quel - lo que nos gus - tó. Por
ev - er a Her he meets. And
sweet - ness al - rea - dy past. And

ret. *mf*


Slower
f very broad
e - so, mo - re - na mi - a, cuan - do te
e - so, si no te en - o - ja es - te can -
so when I first es - pied thee, my nut - brown
so, if thou'rt not of - fen - ded by this my
Slower
f very broad
in time
mf
vi, Te di - je que te que - ri - a,
tar, E - sa tu bo - qui - ta ro - ja,
maid, In fren - zy of love be - side thee,
lay, That lit - tle rose mouth, bow ben - ded,
in time
mf
f very broad
in time
mf
con fren - e - si Y si mi ne - gra me
a - bre - la ya. Y si mi ne - gra me
thy love I prayed; And if, Brown - ie mine, thou
o - pen, I pray! And if, Brown - ie mine, thou
f very broad
in time
mf

f very broad — *in time*

di - ce lo que yo sé, Ve -
di - ce lo que yo sé, Ve -
say - est one thing to me Thou'lt
say - est one thing to me Thou'lt

f very broad — *in time*

fast

rás, ve - rás que fe - li - ces va - mos a'
rás, ve - rás que fe - li - ces va - mos a'
see, thou wilt see how gay - est and blest we'll
see, thou wilt see how gay - est and blest we'll

fast

ret. — *f* — 1 *f in time* — 2 *f*

ser, va - mos a' ser. Por ser.
ser, va - mos a' ser. Por ser.
be, how blest we'll be. And be.
be, how blest we'll be. And be.

ret. — *f* — 1 *f in time* — 2 *f*

La Mágica Mujer
(The Enchantress)

Recorded and Translated by
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL

Gracefully, with motion

mp

Un - a lin - da y má - gi - ca mu - jer Me en - can - tó con
She's a witch, the queen of witch - er - y, She that snared me

so - lo su mi - rar, Es vis - ion ó no sé qué, O'
on - ly with her eye, Is't a dream that rap - tured me, Or

es tan so - lo un an-gel sin i - gual? Con un be-so ar-dien - te que me
is't a peer-less an-gel from the sky? In one kiss en-dear-ing how she

p

cresc. *ret.* *mf*

dió Con sus la - bios de co - ral me ma - tó, me ma -
thrilled, Of the co - ral of her lips I was killed, I was

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mp *in time*

tó; Ay, y to - di - to su a - mor á mi me lo en - tre - gó En mis
killed; Aye, the full of her faith to me she free - ly willed, To my

mp *in time*

bra - zos yo te - ni - a re - cli - na - da á mi Ma - ri - a.
heart I caught my fair - y, caught and held my mag - ic Ma - ry.

mf with feeling

Ven - te ni - ña, ven - te, Yo quie - ro dar - te Bes - os mil y mil,
Come, O mai - den, to me, Count - less of kiss - es All my own to be,

mf

mp *greatly ret.* *mf slowly*

Que el que te a - do - ra siem - pre se - ra' *Tu - yo pa - ra ti'.*
Thine and a - dor - ing ev - er am I, Thine and vowed to thee.

mp *greatly ret.* *mf slowly*

El Charro
(The Kind Hearted Boss)

Recorded and Translated by
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL

Briskly

mf

1. *Es - ta - ba un char - ro sen - ta - do En las tran - cas de un co - rral;*
2. *Ne - ces - i - to buen ca - ba - llo Bue - na si - lla y buen ga - ban;*
3. *E - sa chi - ca que us - ted tie - ne Con e - lla me hé de ca - sar;*
4. *Ni - co - lás se des - es - pe - ra, Y se quie - re des - bar - ran - car;*

1. A lone - ly cow - punch - er was mop - ing, On the old cor - ral bar slick.
2. I need a good hoss and sad - dle, And a slick - er 'n' I want 'em quick.
3. An' your lit - tle Ma - ri - qui - ta, She's just the wife I'd pick.
4. Then Nick gets desp' - rate rea - dy To jump o - ver the cliff right quick.

mf

Es - ta - ba un char - ro sen - ta - do En las tran - cas de un co - rral.
Ne - ces - i - to buen ca - ba - llo Bue - na si - lla y buen ga - ban.
E - sa chi - ca que us - ted tie - ne Con e - lla me hé de ca - sar.
Ni - co - lás se des - es - pe - ra Y se qui - re des - bar - ran - car.

A lone - ly cow - punch - er was mop - ing, On the old cor - ral bar slick.
I need a good hoss and sad - dle, And a slick - er 'n' I want 'em quick.
An' your lit - tle Ma - ri - qui - ta, She's just the wife I'd pick.
Then Nick gets desp' - rate rea - dy To jump o - ver the cliff right quick.

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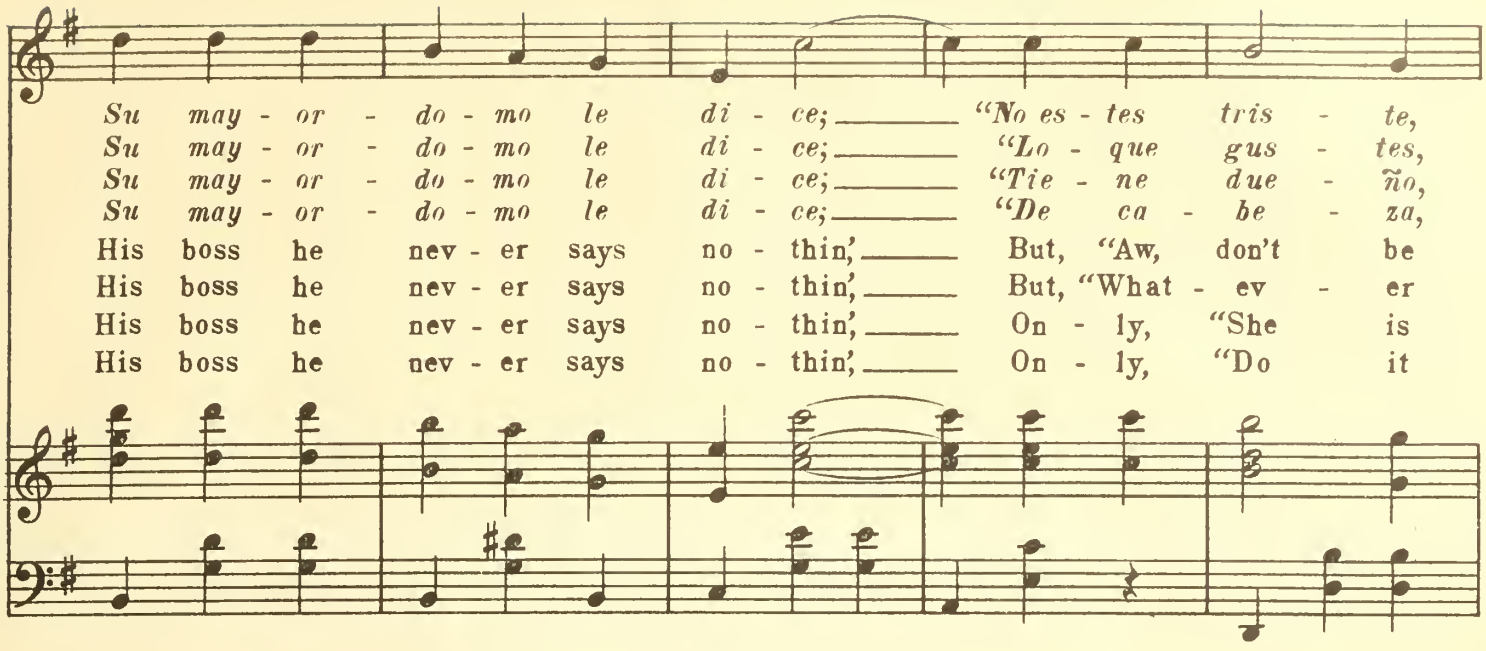
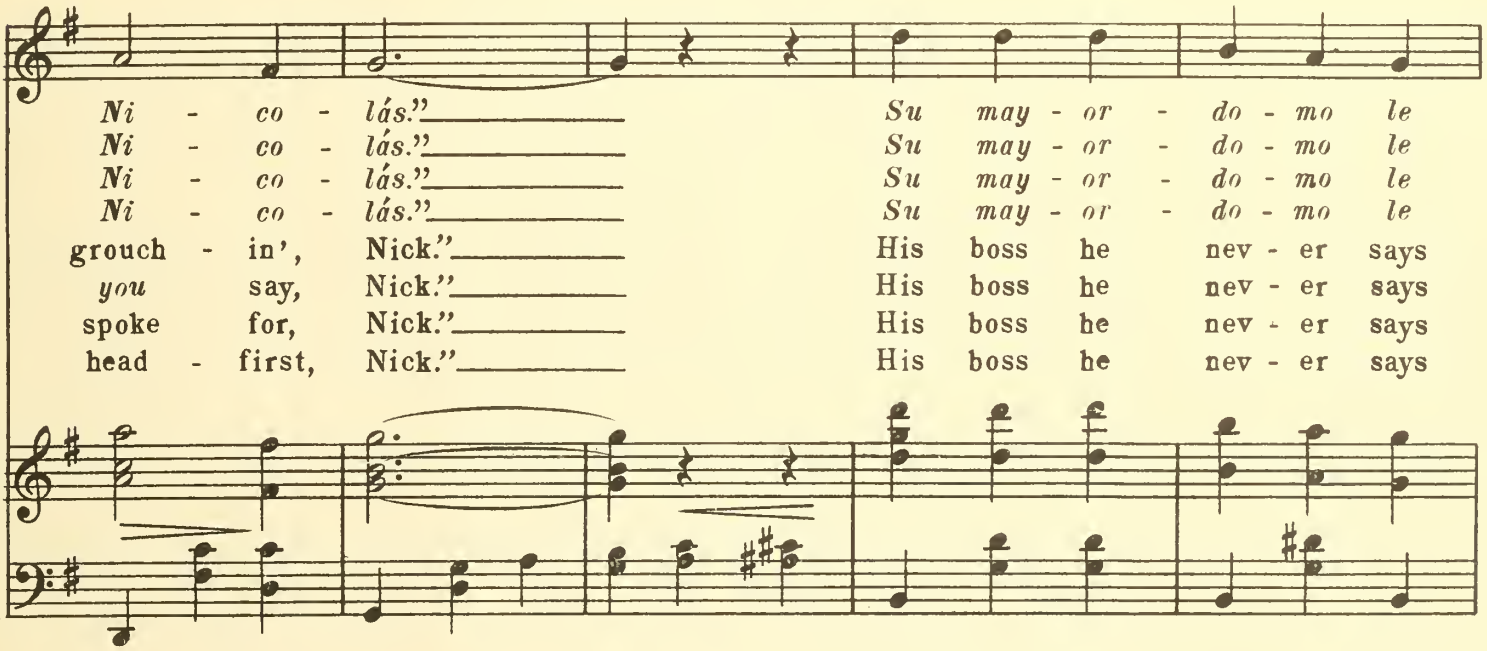
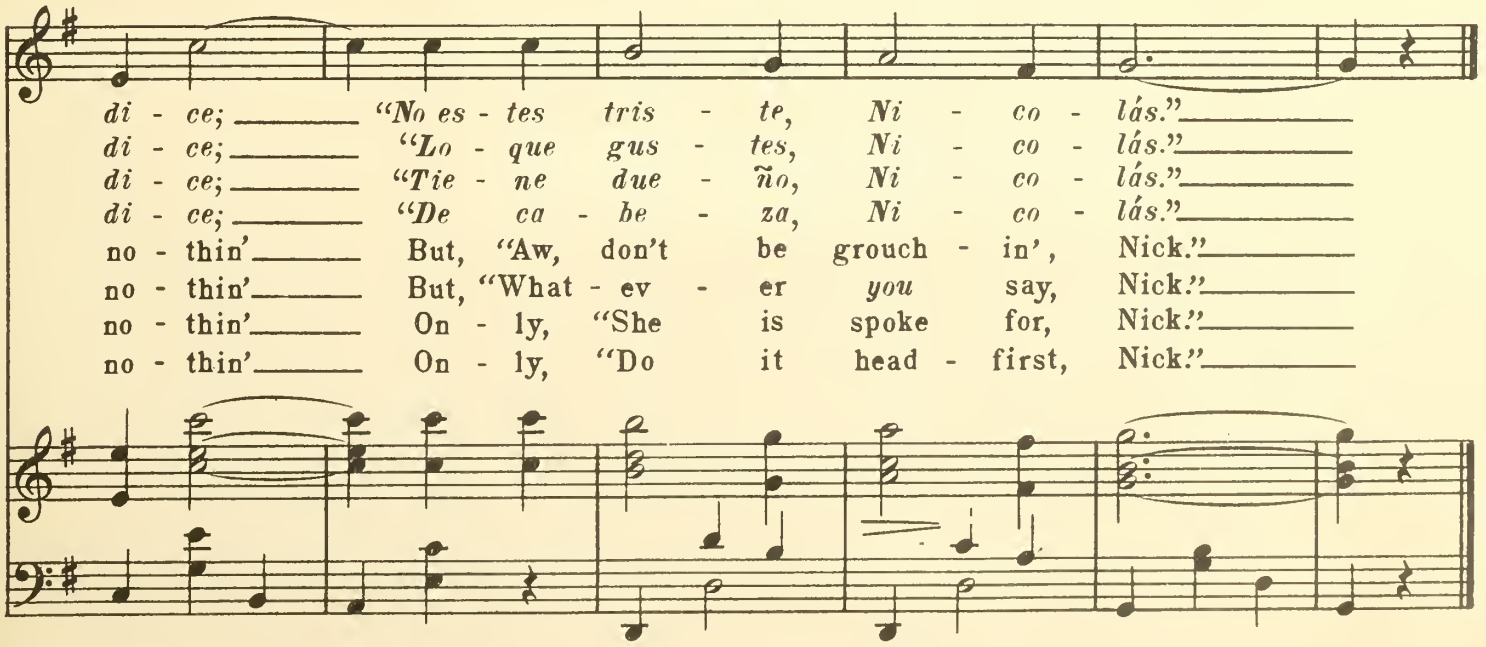

Su may - or - do - mo le di - ce; "No es - tes tris - te,
Su may - or - do - mo le di - ce; "Lo - que gus - tes,
Su may - or - do - mo le di - ce; "Tie - ne due - ño,
Su may - or - do - mo le di - ce; "De ca - be - za,
His boss he nev - er says no - thin', But, "Aw, don't be
His boss he nev - er says no - thin', But, "What - ev - er
His boss he nev - er says no - thin', On - ly, "She is
His boss he nev - er says no - thin', On - ly, "Do it


Ni - co - lás." Su may - or - do - mo le
Ni - co - lás." Su may - or - do - mo le
Ni - co - lás." Su may - or - do - mo le
Ni - co - lás." Su may - or - do - mo le
grouch - in', Nick." His boss he nev - er says
you say, Nick." His boss he nev - er says
spoke for, Nick." His boss he nev - er says
head - first, Nick." His boss he nev - er says


di - ce; "No es - tes tris - te, Ni - co - lás."
di - ce; "Lo - que gus - tes, Ni - co - lás."
di - ce; "Tie - ne due - ño, Ni - co - lás."
di - ce; "De ca - be - za, Ni - co - lás."
no - thin' But, "Aw, don't be grouch - in', Nick."
no - thin' But, "What - ev - er you say, Nick."
no - thin' On - ly, "She is spoke for, Nick."
no - thin' On - ly, "Do it head - first, Nick."

Adios, Adios, Amores

(Farewell, O Love, Forever)

Recorded and Translated by
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by
ARTHUR FARWELL

Slowly

mp

1. A - dios, a - dios, a - mo - res, A - dios por - que me au -
2. Tu pro - me - tes dul - zu - ra, Y so - lo das pe -
3. Des - con - sue - los y pe - nas, An - gus - tias y do -
1. Fare - well, O Love, for - ev - er, Fare - well for I must
2. Thou swear - est to bring sweet - ness, Thou bring - est sor - row
3. Dis - con - so - late re - pin - ing, A - las, and sor - row

mp

sen - to Por tan - to sen - ti - mien - to Que
sa - res; La - gri - mas á mi - lla - res Se
lo - res A tus a - do - ra - do - res No
sev - er From all the sor - rows ev - er That
on - ly, A mil - lion tears and lone - ly Are
o'er thee. To them that so a - dore thee, 'Tis

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tu me has da - do á mí. Por e - so ya no
de - rra - man por tí. Y de tu cruel sa -
mas les sa - bes dar. Por e - so ya no
thou hast giv'n to me. In love, while life shall
fall - ing, aye, for thee. Thy cru - el ar - row's
all thou know'st to give. In love, while life shall

quie - ro A - mar mas en la vi - da; Á
e - ta La he - ri - da es - tá cu - ra - da; No
quie - ro A - mar mas en la vi - da; Á
lin - ger, No more shall I be fall - ing; My
wound - ing, Is healed to hurt no lon - ger; Thou'lt
lin - ger, No more shall I be fall - ing; My

retard.

mi pa - tria que - ri - da Me voy á re - ti - rar.
mas sac - ri - fi - ca - da Ve - rás mi li - ber - tad.
mi pa - tria que - ri - da Me voy á re - ti - rar.
na - tive land is call - ing And thith - er I must flee.
see me free and strong - er, No more a slave to thee.
na - tive land is call - ing And thith - er I must flee.

retard.

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